

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

New High School to Have Privileges for the Girls

If Students Make Wants Known Principal Wilson Is Prepared to Apportion School Institutions for Use of Gentler Sex—There's a Swimming Pool.

What will the new Central High School do for girls? "Almost everything that it does for boys."

That is the answer given by Principal Wilson, but as usual it has a string to it.

Certain privileges, hitherto granted only to male students, will be granted the girls, provided those girls apply in sufficient numbers for the exercise of such privileges.

The establishment of custom at the new school, which has a swimming pool, tennis courts, an armory, lounge room, rifle range, and many other delightful facilities, is in the making.

The girls of this city who contemplate attending the new school have it in their power to establish a precedent which will admit future generations of little girls to all sorts of delights.

Representation in great numbers is the method to employ.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

The girls have been given privileges which have been denied to the boys of the new Central High School building, said Emory Wilson, principal, in an interview yesterday.

Now, this short sentence has in it a wealth of meaning.

There is a huge swimming pool room in the building, made with two separate and distinct sides, one fitted for the boys and one fitted for the girls. Both open on the pool and on to a set of showers. As the boys will have the pool certain days and the girls certain other days, the same showers may be used.

The question of apportionment of time depends entirely upon the girls themselves. If they take advantage of the institutional privileges, they will be given time in which to enjoy them in proportion to their numbers and the number of boys.

The same may be said of other conveniences.

There is a music room, there are art rooms, a library, a running track, athletic field, and other common advantages. Whether or not the girls apply for use of them in sufficient numbers will be the rule by which the apportionment of use shall be judged.

Aside from the military accommodations, there are few institutional privileges which are not evenly divided between the sexes. The only thing left for the girls to do is ASK, APPLY, INSIST. If they are of sufficient numbers they will obtain them. And while it is a word that military organization is pertinent.

Drill For the Girls.

There was once, in the years gone by, a military organization in the high schools for girls. They had drill uniforms, and drilled, and if any one wants to know more she will be repaid by asking Mr. Wilson himself, for he is the one who knows the history of the drill, and the writer is not mistaken. He knows all about it, anyway.

In light of the dress reform in public

Huge Muff and Neckpiece In Vogue for This Winter

White Fox. Lined With Moleskin, and Made Up With Tails and Paws Complete, Used in Set From House of Leroy & Schmid.

Cave-Man Fashions in Vogue as Seen in Manner of Wearing Neckpiece Slung Over the Shoulder.

Fashion this year, in the line of furs, has gone back to cave-man styles. Not only are the furs used intact, but the neck pieces are draped over the back in much the same manner in which the men of the stone age were wont to cover their shoulders.

But the similarity ends there, since a lining of finest moleskin, and a huge muff finished as only the best furriers can finish muffs, are added to the set of the young woman of today.

White fox, the material used in this instance, is an unusually attractive fur for the younger woman, lending itself to almost any combination of color in a suit. The brush of the white fox is also a thing of great beauty and adds much to the attractiveness of the costume.

Other popular furs for this season are fitch fox, ermine, and kolinsky. The ermine is usually combined with sealskin, or is used without the tails, in the pure white.

Burnt orange satin is a favorite lining, also heavy crepe de chine and expensive brocades in bright colors.



Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

GIRLS, tell me ask you one thing and tell me another.

Do not, oh, do not talk about a "gentleman friend" or a "lady friend," either, for that matter.

If you must tell whether your friend is a man or a woman, say a man friend or a girl friend, or a woman friend, as the case may be. It is very much better to say friend without any descriptive word at all.

What you say will give people the idea well enough as a general rule. You might as well write a letter to him as to talk of "gentleman friends," and don't say "gentleman" any other than you can help.

A man in a good deal more interesting creature than a gentleman, any day, and since the "wash ladies" came into fashion, women are much "washed" than men.

Do talk plain English, and don't mince and bridle and lip and stammer when you're writing a letter. There, there, a little lecture, and now if you all feel duly penitent let's go on with the love letters tomorrow.

Anxious Bees—Don't worry one bit about your feelings after marriage. Let's of girls have for the same wacky feeling that their affections may wander after the wedding day. The girl who writes a letter to her lover and says "I love you" and don't seem to show that your fears are groundless.

Lonesome—Don't see how worried you must be over your friend's behavior, yet if I were you, I'd just try to forget him for the present, at least. You surely know down in your heart that if you did "win back his affections" he would always be the lingering doubt that you were dividing his love with some other girl, the sister-in-law, for instance.

Brown Eyes—I certainly, you should allow your friend to call, since there has been a misunderstanding of any sort. His desire to call does not necessarily show that he loves you. Unless his actions show it, you may take it for granted that friendship is all he asks. 2. A boy who would even expect a girl to kiss him after he has called several times is probably not capable of caring for one girl in the way she would like. The girl who allows such actions surely cannot expect sincerity from the men of her acquaintance.

Que—Do you think that a boy who leaves his guests at a public resort likely to be for you to see him? His actions toward his new friend seem to bear this out. I don't believe he ever does it for his regard for you is sincere. Perhaps you have seemed to care too much and he is taking advantage of it.

P. F. C.—I am sure your little girl in Prince George county realizes how difficult it is for you to see her. Since you have her family's approval, you could write to her asking when she would be coming to see you to come to see your daughter.

Silly Mae—Your mother's advice was very good. You should not have stopped speaking to the boy without being sure why you were doing it. Perhaps a note of apology would lead to a better understanding.

Will Annie Laurie correspondents sign their letters by some other names than Anxious, Lonesome, or Doubtful?

THE TIMES BEDTIME STORY

A TROUBLE MAKER GETS CAUGHT.

(Copyright, 1914, by F. E. Yoder.)

ALTHOUGH most of the dolls and creatures in the school which Cottontail taught were very good because they were afraid of him, some of them tried to make trouble.

One morning the bunny teacher sat at his desk and thoughtfully looked over his desk at the pupils. They all seemed to be very busy, but

the noise was heard no more until almost noon. Then just before Cottontail came in, a noise was heard again.

Cottontail was about to let her go home, when she thought that she would pay a little joke on him. He looked away for a moment, and then came the noise again very near.

Crack, it sounded, but before he had turned to look at the doll she had cried aloud.

By the time he had looked her full in her painted face she was giggling about nervously, and something dropped on the ground. It was her leg.

Cottontail leaned down and picked it up, and the doll began to cry bitterly. So that was the thing that had made the noise, but she had snapped it once too many times.

You see, she was hung together with string, and her joints fitted in and when she pulled them out and let them snap back it made quite a funny noise.

"Give my leg back at once," she cried. "If I move the string will slip up and I will come entirely apart." Cottontail looked at the little leg in his hand and shook his head.

"No more of that," he said. "You are the one who made all of the noise." The poor doll nodded. "Well, the best thing I can do for you," said Cottontail, "is to have you fixed up again." The doll objected, but she could not move for fear she would come apart.

Cottontail went to Mrs. Tabby, who came with needle and thread, and by the time she had finished, the doll had made up her mind never to annoy Cottontail or snap her joints again.

From somewhere came a queer crackling sound. "Crack!" it went off like a pistol shot, and everyone giggled. Cottontail rapped on the desk, and stood up. "Who made that noise?" he demanded. Not a soul spoke, so he sat down and waited. Several min-

utes passed and then again the stillness was broken by the snapping noise.

A gleam sparkled in the calm eyes of the bunny, but he made no sign that he had heard. The creatures looked at one another and waited. The noise was heard no more until almost noon. Then just before Cottontail came in, a noise was heard again.

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